

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

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THE BANNER

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BY WM. J. BURNS.

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D. J. D. GRAY, Eclectic Physician, will attend to calls day or night. Office four doors north of C. H. Reeve's residence.
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D. R. BROWN, Physician and Surgeon, will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Office at his residence, south Plymouth.
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JOHN SMITH, Manufacturer of Fine Custom made Boots. Shop next door north of the Brick Store.
JAMES & M. ELLIOTT Turners, Chair Makers, and Sign Painters, Michigan street, South Plymouth.
J. E. ARMSTRONG, attends to all calls in his line of Daguerotyping, at his residence north of Edwards' Hotel.
M. H. PECHER & CO., Dealers in Family Groceries, Provisions, Confectionaries &c., South Plymouth.

In the Market.

WHEAT at the highest market prices, taken on subscription to the Banner, delivered at the office. July, 1855.
FAIRLOR, Cabinet Maker and undertaker, corner Center & Washington streets.

From the Ohio State Journal.

TO MY MOTHER.

The following lines written by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary, are touchingly beautiful:
I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home,
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam;
And time, since then, has rolled its years,
And marked them on my brow;
Yet, I have often thought of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now.
I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When at my tender side,
You sat and read the dawn of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride;
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While your bright face beamed down
To deck my darling boy.
I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When with such anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to Heaven—
Your hope your trust was there;
For memory brings thy parting words,
While tears rolled down your cheek;
Thy long, last, loving look told more
Than ever words could speak.
I'm far away from thee, mother,
N- friend is near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word
Or cool my burning brow;
The dearest life affection gave,
Are all now torn from me;
They left me with the trouble came;
They did not love like thee.
I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unloved and unloving;
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed,
Know you would not child, mother,
You would not give me blame;
But soothe me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.
I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay,
The temple with its beautiful cup
Has dashed them all away;
And shame has left its venom sting,
To vex with anguish wild—
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrows of my child.
Oh, I have wandered far, mother,
Since I departed thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
B-yond the deep blue sea,
Old mother, still I love thee well,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy baby breath
Upon my carven cheek.
But, ah! there is a thought, mother,
Permeates my beating breast,
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest,
And while I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that says: "be brave and true,
And hide me seek thee there."

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

A First-Rate Love Story.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader,) twenty seven, and yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other she had not even fallen in love, as yet. "Had she no offer?" What a simple question! Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go begging? Offers? Yes, scores of them! It may be accounted as one of her oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have assurances of this, and how could she in her present position? Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution; but she was a resolute girl. We must now go back six years.
One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting room, really indulging in some serious reflections on the past and future, the far future, too, a gentleman presented himself and inquired for Mr. Bremen. The old man uttered not a word, but only bowed. There was that in his looks that said, "I am here."
The stranger might have been some thirty years of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was on his hat, and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. B. was quickly yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader:
"— 11 mo., 18—
FRIEND PAUL—This will introduce to thee friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of his health. I have known him from a youth up. Thou mayest depend upon for aught he can do, and shall not lean on a broken reed. If thou canst do anything for him, thou mayest peradventure benefit thyself, and cause to rejoice.
Thy former and present friend,
MICHAEL LOOMIS."
It is not every one who can get old Michael Loomis' endorsements on his character, said Paul Bremen to himself as he folded up the letter of a well known associate of former days. "Old Michael is good for a quarter of a million, or for anything else—it will do—I want him—getting old—business increasing—must have some more help—now as well as any time."
The old gentleman looked at all this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips.
"Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?"
"I have had some few years' experience."
"Any objection to a place here—close work—thousand a year?"
"None in the world."
"When can you begin?"
"Now."

A real smile shone upon the old man's face. It lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among the clouds of evening, lighting up those seemingly hard, dark features.
A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained, directions given, the pen was dipped into the ink, and in short, before an hour had passed away, you would have thought that the old man and the young man had known each other for years.
In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark, that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a general acquaintance with the most notable authors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of the past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself, misfortune came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two daughters.
As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt, though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure.
Very little, indeed, was said by either of them not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever between them, save in the counting room. Thus six years passed by, at the close of which period old Mr. Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the younger before him, something was evidently brewing in that old head. What could it be? And then, too, at home he looked so curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled. "Sure," said James, "something's a coming." Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt much on her.
"What is it father?" said she to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing in her face, "what is it?"
"Tell me."
"I wish you would have him," burst forth like an avalanche. Known him for six years—true as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensible fellow—don't talk much—regular as a clock—prime for business—worth his weight in gold."
"Have who, father? What are you talking about?"
"My head clerk—Copeland—you don't know him—I do—haven't seen anybody else worth an old quill."
"Annie was father's clerk! What would people say?"
"Humbly, child, all humbly—worth forty of your whiskered, lounging, lazy gentry; say what they please: what do I care? what do you care? what's money after all? got enough of it—want a sensible man—somebody to take care of it; it's all humbly."
"What's all humbly, father?"
"Why, people's notions on these matters—Copeland is poor—so was I once—may be again; world's full of changes—seen a great many of them in my day—can't stay here long—got to leave you, Annie—wish you'd like him."
"Father, are you serious?"
"Serious, child." And he looked so.
Annie was a chip of the old block, strong-minded, resolute girl. A new idea seemed to strike her.
"Father, if you are really serious in this matter, I'll see this Copeland; I'll get acquainted with him. If he likes me, I like him, I'll have him. But he shall love me for myself alone; I shall know it—will you leave the matter to me?"
"Go ahead, my child, and do as you like. Good morning."
"Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little; I shall appear to be a poor girl, a companion of our friend Mrs. Richards, in H— street; she shall know the whole affair, you shall call me by my middle name, Peyton; I shall be a relative of yours, you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care of itself."
"I see, I see," said one of those rare smiles illumined his whole face. It actually got between his lips, parted them assunder, glanced upon a set of teeth but little worse for wear, and was resting there when he left the house for the counting room. The twilight of that smile was not yet gone when he reached the well known spot, and bowed and looked "Good morning," to those in his employ, for old Paul was, after his fashion, a polite man. On the morning of that day what looks were directed to our friend Charles? so many, so peculiar, so full of something, that the head clerk could not but notice them, and that two with some alarm. What was coming? At last the volcano burst forth.
"Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?"
Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astounded. Did Mr. Bremen say that, and in the counting room too? The very ledger seemed to blush at the introduction of such a subject. He for the first time made a blot on the fair page before him.
"I say—why don't you get a wife?—know just thing for you—prime article—poor enough to be sure—what of that—a fortune in a wife, you know—a sort of relation of mine—don't want to meddle with other people's business, know your own business best—can't help thinking you'll be happier—must see her."
Now the fact is that Charles had for some time past thought so himself, but how the old man could have so completely divined his feelings was a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note

was put into Mr. Bremen's hands by the servant, the contents of which produced another grim sort of smile. When the moment for his return home had arrived, Mr. B. handed a sealed document of rather imposing appearance to Charles, saying—
"Copeland, you will oblige me by leaving that at No. 67 H— street. Place it only in the hands of the person to whom it is addressed: don't want to trust it to any one else."
The clerk saw on the outside Mrs. Richards, No. 67 H— street, the door bell was rung. The servant ushered him into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady, apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed, and enquired for Mrs. Richards.
"She is not in, but is expected presently; will you be seated?" There was an ease and quietness, and an air of self-command about this person, which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such people.) Made some common-place remark, which was immediately responded to; and soon the conversation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangely protected, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented; a glance at the outside.
"Mr. Copeland," Charles bowed.
"Miss Peyton," the young lady bowed; and thus they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure.
That night Annie said to Mr. B., "I like his appearance, father."
"Forward march," said old Paul, and he looked at his daughter with vast satisfaction.
"The old man," as we said to-night as a new potato," said James to the cook.
The next day Charles Copeland came very near writing several times, "To Miss Peyton, Dr., as he was making out some bills of merchandise sold."
"Delivered the paper last evening," Copeland bowed.
Mrs. Richards is an old friend, humble in circumstances—the young lady, Peyton—worth her weight in gold any day—have her myself if I could."
"How much you remind me of Mr. B.," said Charles one evening to Annie; "I think you said you were a relation of his?"
"I am related to him through my mother, was the grave reply.
Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a smile.
Somewhat later than usual on that day Annie reached her father's house. There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was plainly written.
"I see, I see," said the old man; "the account is closed—books balanced—have it all through new in short order. You are a sensible girl—no fool's puss—just what I want—bless you, child, bless you!"
The next day Paul came, for the first time in his life, rather late to his counting room. Casks and boxes seemed to be starting with wonder.
"Copeland, you are a fine fellow—heard from Mrs. Richards—proposal to my relation, Peyton—all right—done up well. Come to my house this evening—never been there yet, eh?—eight o'clock, precisely—want to see you, got something to say."
"How much interest he seems to take in this matter," said Charles. He's a kind old fellow in his way; a little rough, but good at heart."
Yes, Mr. Charles Copeland, even kinder than you think for."
At eight o'clock precisely, the door bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by friend James. Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and turning round abruptly, introduced him to "my daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen," and immediately withdrew.
"Charles, will you forgive me this? He was too much astonished to make any reply. If you knew all my motives and feelings I am sure you would."
That the motives and feelings were soon explained to his entire satisfaction, no one will doubt.
"Copeland, shouted old Paul, as he entered the room, 'no use in long engagements."
"Oh, father!"
"No use, I say; married now—get ready afterwards, next Monday evening; who cares? Want it over; feel settled. Shant part with Annie, though; must bring her here; house rather lonesome; be still; no words; must have it so; partner in business; Bremen & Copeland; got the papers all drawn up to day, can't alter it. Be quiet, will you? don't stay in the room."
I have now finished my story, reader. I have given you the facts. I cannot say, however, that I approve of the deception practiced upon our friend Charles. As, however, our Lord commended the unjust steward because he acted wisely, so, I suppose, the good sense shown by the young lady, in choosing a husband for the sake of what he was, and not for the sake of what he might have possessed, merits our approbation. It is not every one who has moral courage enough to step out of the circle which surrounds the wealthy, and seek for those qualities of mind and heart, which the heart can neither take or give away.
Sir Walter Scott was urged not to prompt up the fallen credit of an acquaintance, he replied, that man was my friend when friends were few, and I will be his now that his enemies are many." A noble reply.

Love in the Back Woods.

OR, OLD JIMMY WADDLE'S FIRST COURTSHIP.
"Talkin' 'n' speers, boys, puts me in mind of my young days. I should rather guess I was in for 'em some myself them times."
This was said by an old man whom we will introduce as Mr. James Waddle, or rather as "old Jim Waddle." Everybody (except the reader) knows him and his penchant for yarn spinning. It is the evening of a mild training day. There are a goodly number, after the company is dismissed from duty, who were lounging around, and all gathered about the aforesaid old Jim to hear his yarn, to which he had already begun the prelude, and waits for somebody to urge him to go on; this there are enough to do. He then enquired what they would have—"one of his huntin' or courtin' speers?" The boys unanimously demanded the latter. Then, after requesting that none of them should laugh till he got through, with a few preparatory yawns, and an assumption of a comical face, he commenced. (I wish I could report his inimitable language, verbatim et literatim.)
"When I was a boy, you know, daddy moved from Virginia to Kaintuck. I'd been born and fought up on the frontiers, and Kaintuck was a paradise for me to hunt bars an' Ingusins. But I forgot you want a courtin' story. Well, although I was always a cuttin' up some deviltry among the boys, yet somehow I was little shy and shyer among the gals. I liked the critters prodigious, but about the only way I could manage to show it, was by castin' sheep's eyes to abundance at 'em. We had meetin' as well as frolics sometimes. While the preacher was preachin' tenderheartedness, brother kindness and love, I wasn't thinkin' else. I used to set where I could look the gals in the face—and then gaze at some purty one till she'd blush as red as a pepper-patty. Then I felt so queer about the gizzards, and wished an earthquake would come and throw me right in her lap. I was in love, but I couldn't tell who I loved most.—There was Peggy Masonhammer, a mighty fine gal, even in her tow-linen frock; her cheek was as full as a China pig's, and as red as a turkey gobbler; and then there was Sally Perkins, with her glorious striped, homemade cotton frock, besides her hair and eyes as black as ink; and then there was dimple cheeked blue-eyed Lotte Smith, who always toted her shoes and stockings in her hands till she got in sight of meetin'. Well, on these three I couldn't tell for my life which I liked best—sometimes one and sometimes another, but alters the last one I looked at. But when Squire Crumpton came to our diggins, his two gals took the shine off the rest on 'em, specially the oldest one, Betsy. I shan't attempt to describe her; but when I tell you she had a calico frock, with yaller flowers, as big as your hand, brass earbells, besides half a dozen strans o' beads as large as the end of your little finger, you may think she was a charmer—I don't know. Of all the 'magnun bonum' charmers I ever seed, she was the magnun bonumest! And so all the young fellers said, too. When I first seed her, it was at Deacon Snooks' meetin'. I fastened my eyes on her till her minnie she, she looked steadily, then smiled a charming smile, and blushed and looked down. Lordy! there was a flutterin' then equal to a saw mill, 'tween my two jacket pockets. I felt as a gonner. From that hour I was too big for my breeches of Sundays, I borried daddy's breeches he'd been married in before the revolutionary war, had come off at his knees; but as he was tall and I wasn't, they came below mine three or four inches. Agin the meetin' I was prepared to cut a big stiff—sister Sal, for the purpose stretched and ironed my new fine shirt as stiff and slick as a sheet of tin. The shirt had the finest kind of flax linen in the bosom and collar, but the invisible part of it was sars tow, with a hem that would cable a steamboat.
Now, while she was smoothing the wrinkles near the said hem with an iron just hot from the fire, down stairs tumbles one o' the t'arnal brats, knockin' the breath out'n it. It was Saturday night, and she was the only one up, and ran to it in course, but afore it come to the iron had made its mark—that is, burnt two holes in the extremity of my linen. Next mornin' I put it on as it was, the dad's true blues, then the fast reg'lar built pair of shoes I'd ever had.
I was seventeen just, that Sunday mornin', and in my Sunday rig, felt myself a man, and was resolved if Betsy Crumpton was at meetin' to show it. Well she was there, and I set her for her company, and got it. Walkin' by her side, I felt as light as nothin'—specially touched the ground I walked on. But I shan't tell the few things I thought and said to her on the way, and more after we got home.—'Oh yes, dad, said several voices. No, you'll have enough without that; you're to skim the cream of the story yet."
She kept me up late; say two o'clock, and in spite of the novelty—(it being the first time)—I got sleepy. Now the Squire had just come to these parts, and put up a one-story one-roomed log cabin, and the whole family, 'cept some of the young ones, slept below. I was a little bashful 'bout gewine to bed thar, but it was three miles from home, and it was granin' like blue blazes! I had to do it, and did without exposita! the blank in my linen. I resolved to be up afore anybody else in the mornin' on the same account and some others.
That was the last I know'd till wakened by the howls (half a dozen of which slept under the bed) a pullin' the kivers off'n me. Holy heaven's the sun two hours high, breakfast on the table, and me in bed! Just as I was gewine to spring

out, in pops the old 'omen, with a plate o' sassage. It was dog days now, and she cooked in a shanty. I possumed sleep till she went out again, and then looked for my trousers, thar they war in the jaws of the pups at the foot of the bed! I made a mighty lunge over the foot board to retake them, but, oh, horrors! my head down and my heels up! What's the matter, thinks I—but it flashed across me in a moment that the hole in my linen was over the post—and a tall post tu! I kicked and floundered and floundered but all to no purpose—I couldn't get down—I strain'd to break the hem, but it was no go. Just now all the hounds commenced yellin' so furiously the old 'omen and both gals run in to see what was up, and when they seed it was me they run off—one began to hallow for the Squire, while the others, through the cracks, with fishin' poles, battled the cursed hounds that were waulin' me.
"Oh, I thought of Absolom and every body that ever did hang, but he didn't hang by the wrong end, no, that was a consolation I had not. I'd a cuss my late like Boston, but I remembered I belonged to meetin' and it was agin the rules. I did howsoever think some mighty hard words if I didn't speak 'em. But all that didn't do any good. I couldn't make nothin' by pullin' downwards so I thought I'd climb up the post and unlase myself that way. I had nearly succeeded when one of the unmannerly pups attacked me in the rear, and losin' my hold, the bottle busted off and I came out full length on the floor in precisely the same state of fix Job said he came in this world.—The next mornin' I was under the bed where the everlasting pups had dragged my trousers. I cuffed them off, but every time I put one leg partly on, the infernal whelps who'd pull they off.
I worried in this way for some time, when a punchbox gave way, and I fell through into a trough of soap under the house! Gosh! I thought it was in the pit that's bottomless! I sprung for my life, but in doing this, I threw myself into the face and stomach of Squire Crumpton, who was cumin' on the run, spectin' the Injuns was a massacring the whole family. The collision threw him down the hill, and I followed suit heels over head to the bottom. There I recovered my understanding, and without any apologies, or even a word, I struck a bee line for home just as I was, in my native purity, at a speed that split the winds. My too nails striking fire out the flints every jump!
But, whoys, I never wert, within a quarter of a mile of Squire Crumpton's afterwards—nor did I ever cast sheep's eyes at Betsy again, let alone gallanting her home.
The Pen and the Sword.
No country recognizes to a greater extent the fact that the pen is mightier than the sword, than the United States. Upon our extreme frontiers, among hostile Indians, the printing press is found, and when our armies invaded Mexico the printer was as necessary an arm of the public service, as the flying artillery, sappers, miners, or Texan Ranger. This means out people have been kept better informed on army operations than other belligerent nations, and the English Press acknowledges the fact. Speaking of Military Literature—the chronicles of the camp and the control of the pen over the achievements of the sword—the London Athenaeum makes a concession and contrast, by saying:
"American papers are remarkable on the absence of all literary efforts in the Crimea, and are there in making—very much to their own glory—a characteristic difference between the surroundings of an American and of an English army. The contrast is fair. The self-laudation is not unjust. Our readers know that when the Yankees marched into Mexico they carried with them a printing press, and published a newspaper along the line of invasion.
"Across prairies, through dangerous passes, over mountain ranges, sometimes on mules, oftener on men's shoulders, occasionally in wagons, traveled press, paper, type and ink—editors, contributors and pressmen—fighting, foraging, writing onward. Infinite were the uses of the press. It carried orders through the camp. Every morning the soldiers read in it the story of the previous day. It anticipated the gazettes. It disseminated the gossip of the day, it perpetuated the gossip of the army; made known every want; supplied every information; exercised, inspired, and animated every heart. Had the Americans been in the Crimea, they would have had daily papers at Balaklava, Eupatoria, Yenikale and Constantinople; and these papers, reflecting the honors, incidents, and life of the camp—would have ranked among the best historical documents on the war. As it is, our soldiers in the Crimea are indebted to the London journals for authentic information of what occurs in the camp itself and within a mile or two of their own tents. Jonathan is ahead of us in some respects."
Absence of Mind.
It is the privilege of great geniuses to be absent-minded, but it does not follow that every absent-minded man is a genius. When a person is laughed at for his abstraction from little things, while his mind is soaring to the empyrean in the pathway of the stars, the wits of many a dolt are wool-gathering without an idea in his head. An exchange tells of a man in Boston who went to the post-office to enquire for his letters, and did not know how to frame an interrogatory, having forgotten his own name; and of a farmer in New Hampshire who, while revolving

some deeply important problem, sat down on the milk pail and milked the cow in to the stool. We know of a gentleman who, the next morning after he was married, called at the house of the bride's father, asking for her by her maiden name. The reply of the astonished servant girl, "she is married and gone to live at your house, brought him to his senses. Old Parson Blank, who, when pruning his apple trees, would sit on the end of a limb and saw it off inside of him, was a case in point. But the most melancholy termination of a life of blunders, was that, as well attested as the history of the Kilkenny cats, of the unfortunate gentleman, who on retreating to rest at night put his patent leathers to bed and pulled off his head with the boot-jack. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of 'accidental suicide.'
INDIANS IN INDIANA.—John Dowling, Esq., Indian Agent, who has recently visited the Miami Reserve, where he paid off the Indian annuities, gives the Terre Haute Journal some interesting information respecting the Indians in our State. Last year there were 254 Miami in this State, and this year there are only 261, exclusive of five who have joined their brethren West, showing an actual decrease, calculating births and deaths, of 18. From this it will be seen that, in the same ratio of decrease, this once proud and haughty tribe will in less than a quarter of a century more become extinct, in case those West decreases in the same proportion. This is a melancholy picture, but it is to be hoped that last year will prove an exception, and that, as many of them are now cultivators of the soil, they will hereafter progress and increase like their white neighbors.—Most of them are sober and industrious, comparatively speaking, and seem to be aware of the necessity of sobriety and systematic industry to their preservation as a people.
Besides the 261 Miami's proper, there are 12 Bel River Miami's who are entitled to separate annuities under old treaties. The Miami's were principally in the counties of Miami, Grant, Wabash and Huntington, with a few scattering members of the tribes in adjoining counties.—Vincennes Gazette 26th.
BORROWING TROUBLE.—The newspaper called the 'State of Maine,' published at Portland, gives the following illustration of the propensity of some people to be distressed at imaginary evils:
Borrowing is a bad thing at best but borrowing trouble is perhaps the most foolish investment of foreign capital that a man or woman can make. An amusing instance of this species of operation is set forth in a down cast paper, wherein a man thus related his experience in a financial way on the occasion of a failure of a local bank.
"As soon as I heard of it, my heart jumped right into my mouth. 'Now, thinks I, 'sposin' I've got my bills on that bank! I'm gone if I live—that's a fact! So I put on my coat and put for home as fast as my legs will carry me; fact is, I run all the way, and when I got there I looked keener and found that I hadn't got no bills on that bank—or any other! Then I felt easier."
There have been a thousand instances of borrowing trouble when it was not a whit better secured than in the present example.
Tonsils by the Trades.
From a list of professional tonsils, said to have been made at the New England celebration at Milwaukee, we take the following:
By a Baker.—The Storm of Liberty!—It rose in the yeast—may it continue to give its light until it has leavened the whole world, and prepared for the last baking.
By a Dry Goods Merchant—"Our National Flag"—May we never measure it by yards, nor sell it without reasonable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance.
By a Printer—"Plymouth Rock"—The imposing stone on which the form of our liberties was made up—may it be a type of their perpetuity.
By a Tailor—"The American Union"—Buttomed up by the patriotism of our ancestors—may its needle of virtuous indignation prick the goose that attempts to rip it asunder.
By a Miller—"The Mayflower"—Ground from the grist of oppression, it turned out no chaff.
By a Forwarder—"The Boston Tea Party"—May its memory be stored away by all who attempt to exact illegal commission.
By a Banker—"The Pilgrim Stock"—Above par in every market.
Get Married.
An old bachelor expressed a wish, the other day, that the stars would favor him with some change in life, that he might be less discontented. "Why don't you marry?" we proposed. "I don't know who to marry, how to ask, and I haven't got time. Besides I have been so long alienated from society, that I am unacquainted with a single female, that is of marriageable quality. Do you know of any?" he asked us. Being a ladies man, we immediately answered, "a thousand!"—"Well," said he, "sit down and write me a letter—a proposition—direct it to whom you please, and I will abide by the result." We did so. The result was, that on last Sabbath, we saw by the side of our bachelor friend, a blooming bride of twenty-two summers; and by the billing and cooing of his latest letters, and did not know how to frame an interrogatory, having forgotten his own name; and of a farmer in New Hampshire who, while revolving